THE COMMONWEAL

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SWORDS OR CHARITY

MR. HOOVER'S decision to drive the bonus army out of Washington conforms to the ancient poetic line—"what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." For weeks all that remains conservative in the capital or in the nation at large clamored for dispersal of the forces led up and down Pennsylvania Avenue by Commander Waters. The primary arguments used were these: we cannot support in proximity to Congress a group which serves as the nucleus of radical and disaffected elements; paying the bonus is unthinkable, but toleration of the B.E.F. implies that the government may yet give way and cash veterans' claims; the spectacle of so large a number of tattered and unemployed people has a bad effect on the public morale. On the evening of July 28, amid scenes as exciting as those ever witnessed in Washington, cavalry and infantry endorsed these views. And behind a line of tanks and gas, the susurrus of soft editorial voices busily declared that complete responsibility for drastic action (there was a very considerable number of casualties) rested with the veterans, who had resisted all overtures and adopted a more and more intransigent tone. Nine-tenths of this talk may be discounted. The bonus army which was dispersed really cannot be termed a whit more lawless and disorderly than the bonus army which marched to Washington some months ago.

What counts is something else entirely. Is the nation at present sufficiently conservative to endorse the reasoning upon which Mr. Hoover's action was based? If so, there is no doubting the wisdom of the deed, and one's astonishment must be reserved for the fact that so simple a method was not thought of before. But if not—if the people look upon the B.E.F. as the vanguard of that great throng among themselves who are without insurance against economic disaster, whose supply of food itself is rapidly diminishing in a prodigally productive land, and for whose very children there is no room in the inn of their country—then the White House has made a grave blunder for which all of us must eventually pay. We do not propose to offer a decision one way or another. It will suffice to outline briefly the possibility that millions will think of federal government as an instrument which regiments of lobbyists—who, to be sure, need not camp on empty lots and build bedraggled huts for themselves—can use to advantage, but from which the hopelessly poor can expect only so much patience as can be extracted from lingering antagonism between a Chief Executive and his

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Congress. If Mr. Hoover and his friends have not correctly estimated this contingency, it may really come to pass that the man who symbolized relief in Belgium will represent, for millions of his countrymen, much the same authority as was once lodged in the poor King whose hopes were vainly pinned on a Swiss Guard and *la noblesse*. That contingency Americans cannot, it seems to us, take too seriously.

"Press opinion, accurately reflecting public opinion," asserts the New York *Times,* "has been almost unanimous in holding up the hands of Mr. Hoover." This dictum apparently was well supported by the mass of editorial views collected from all parts of the country and published by the *Times*. But there are two circumstances which considerably modify the sweeping generalization made by the *Times*. The first of these is the fact that the *Times* ignored the opinions voiced by the Scripps-Howard chain of papers, and by the Hearst papers, and by such journals of independent and influential character as the Baltimore *Sun,* all of which strongly condemned the President's action, principally on the ground that it was unnecessary; that the circumstances did not justify the extraordinary means employed. The second consideration is linked up with the first. It is that many conservatively minded men and women, while fully convinced that the bonus army movement was mistaken, and potentially a menace, and equally convinced that any real menace to the orderly processes of our normal governmental system should be promptly and firmly dealt with, are of the same opinion as that voiced by the outspoken opponents of Mr. Hoover's action, namely, that the use of military force, and its ruthless application, were uncalled for, and likely to increase and provoke the manifestations of the violent spirit of insubordination and insurrection which Mr. Hoover's action was directed against.

Not until fuller investigation of all the facts leading up to the tragic events of July 28 has been made, will it be possible to form a just opinion on this important aspect of the deplorable events in Washington. But, in the meanwhile, an element has been introduced into the already badly complicated crisis of political, economic and social problems of the nation which will ominously increase the gravity of the whole situation.

The militant Communists, for instance, have gained a victory at the cost of all other parties and groups. Even if the Communists did not actually achieve what they now claim to have accomplished, that is, to have set the fires of armed conflict between the government and the bonus army blazing, the event itself plays directly into their hands. The propaganda value of the Washington affair to the Communists is prodigious. As a result, it may well be that direct action in outlawing all forms of Communist activities may have to be taken by the federal authorities, with a similar policy following in many of the states most exposed to Communist action. When once the sword—or its modern equivalent, the gas bomb—has been put in action, it is extremely difficult to sheathe it again before the spirit of violence has had its satisfaction. No matter what the future verdict of the mass of the nation may be as to the wisdom or the lack of wisdom employed by the supreme authority in Washington, even those who approved of Mr. Hoover's stern decree were disturbed by the fate of the great majority of the bonus army after it was driven out of Washington by fire and sword.

Now that the homeless ones among the veterans, and their wives and children, have been given a refuge in Maryland by the charity of a private individual, Mrs. Maude Edgell, of Catonsville, it is to be hoped that other individuals will give aid, so that these homeless thousands will at least not be driven to and fro across the land like the lepers of old. However misled, no matter how reckless and dangerous was the mass action in which they expressed their hapless lot, the main fact about them remains true—these thousands of former soldiers are out of work and homeless and hungry. And they are a symbol of hundreds of thousands, possibly several million, other men and women, and children, too—whose lot is almost as bad. Business picking up here and there, as it is doing—and welcome news indeed—stocks advancing in price, and all other signs of improvement, even if they be true signs, really indicative of a permanent improvement, which cannot be affirmed as yet, should not and must not cause the thoughts of Americans to desert the problem of problems, the human problem involved by the present appalling condition of the unemployed and their dependents. If these hordes of hungry and almost hopeless people are not to be efficiently aided very soon—aided on a large, national scale—by all the united wisdom and resources of federal, state, municipal and private philanthropy, it will be a confession of the bankruptcy of charity—a much more serious event than the bankruptcy of any number of banks or mills. The situation has reached that point. The speedy relief of the unemployed solely or mainly through the restoration of the normal functions of business is a vain dream. It may well become a wicked dream if we yield too easily to its illusion and neglect the immediate duty—which is to feed the hungry and clothe the naked and shelter the homeless, for the love of God: that true love of God which can only be truly shown by love of our neighbors.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE ONE comforting fact which is discernible in the confused state of affairs in Germany, following the inconclusive results of the election of July 31, is the return to political power, albeit not official power, of Dr. Heinrich Bruening, at the head of a strongly reinforced Center delegation in the new Reichstag. With the Bavarian members allied with the Centrists of the other German states, the former Chancellor, whose dismissal by President Hindenburg in favor of a virtual dictatorship of the Prussian

Stalemate in Germany

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Junkers so grievously disheartened all the friends and well-wishers of German democracy, will have eleven votes more than he mustered in the previous Reichstag, 98 as against 87. His influence, however, has been strengthened even more by his forceful and inspiring leadership of all the moderate elements of Germany, who desire neither Communism nor dictatorial Junkerism to prevail. While it is still too soon to know—and it would be foolish to attempt to predict—the direction which German affairs will take, barring the coming of a real dictatorship of the Right, which would ignore the results of the voting and cling to a policy of the iron fist, it would appear to be probable that Dr. Bruening will occupy a pivotal position if the Reichstag continues to function, even if only as a moderating influence upon the government.

ON THE other hand, while Hitler did not justify his boast of being able this time to capture supreme power, his party will enter the Reichstag more than twice as strong as before, having now 229 seats against the 117 they formerly occupied—a gain of more than 100. However, as the total vote of the Nazis did not go much above the huge total cast in the presidential election—of nearly 14,000,000—while it is clear that Hitler's followers are by far the largest single party, it is hoped that the Hitler wave has reached its climax before it overwhelms the country. The Communists, on the other hand, gained largely, casting more than 5,000,000 votes, and increasing their seats in the Reichstag from 77 to 89. It is, therefore, virtually a new stalemate which has come about, and Germany remains the greatest of all the great problems which now face Europe and the world.

PROHIBITION would seem to be class legislation which is keeping the poor man from drinking but is having no effect on the wealthy other than costing them a great deal of money, according to a detailed study made by Dr. Clark Warburton recently made public by the Columbia University Press. He further declares after analyzing all the evidence available, that because of the higher costs involved, even though the less wealthy are drinking less, prohibition has neither aided savings and investments nor increased the purchasing power of the masses. There has been a reduction in the consumption of beer of about 70 percent since the years 1911 to 1914, he finds, whereas the consumption of wine has increased over 70 percent, and of hard liquors, about 10 per cent. The wealthy, who have prohibition and their drinks too, suffer by reason of paying most of the income tax. The loss in federal revenue due to prohibition, Dr. Warburton estimates to be between $1,250,000,000 and $750,000,000. These are all very significant items, and each person may well reflect upon which one or which ones directly apply to him and whether they are conducive to any profit to him, moral or tangible. Such studies as this, admitting that the evidence is fragmentary and the statistics inaccurate, is certainly of greater value than the mere unsupported declaration of Henry Ford, for instance, that drinking has decreased 90 percent. And while the available figures vary greatly, the probable error in one direction is cancelled by the probable error in the opposite direction, so that a careful analysis can give a substantially accurate picture of actual conditions.

The Costs of Prohibition

ONE OF the most interesting of the reports published by the Catholic Association for International Peace is the recent study of racial and national prejudice in children, made by the association's Committee on National Attitudes. It is given to the public as the first of a promised series on the whole problem of cultural and national coöperation; and it is to be hoped that a project so valuable and so almost desperately timely will be carried through in the same spirit of disinterested and careful research that has marked this initial venture. The committee has extended its field of observations over no less than sixty Catholic elementary and high schools, in thirty states and Porto Rico. Its findings are the more valuable for being in no sense esoteric; the fact that they tally with the results of intelligent lay observation and honest memory make them a promising basis for a general campaign against the sentiment of overnationalism. The sentiment is the concern, not of castes or cliques, but of all who have a stake in charity and democracy; the campaign must, by definition, depend upon a wide, direct and plain appeal. To put the matter in another way, it needs no expert committee to tell us that children as young as six often show racial and national feelings and prejudices, that this usually reflects "adult attitudes at home," that "social and economic factors" tend to "complicate the question," while friendly association, and especially religious training, tend to diminish it. But we feel particular confidence that an expert committee can really help us solve a problem they are able to state so simply and realistically.

Widening Group Friendship

THE COMMITTEE'S recommendation that this whole matter of the racial and national attitude of children be treated in connection with Parent-Teacher associations, is the plainest common sense. There can be no solvent of prejudice in the young, and especially the very young, which omits the influence of the individuals who touch growing lives most closely; and if the secondary result, of illuminating and liberalizing many adult minds in need of that service, is attained, immeasurable good will be achieved. There are more specific recommendations, dealing with the type of civics and history textbooks which promote bias and the exaggerated group resentment or vanity which leads to an overinflated patriotism. General assent must meet the suggestion that they be supplanted by textbooks which "include treatment of universal brotherhood, international understanding and the all-embracing scope of

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charity"; though it is fair to point out that the latter are not to be found on every bookstall. Equally to the point are the suggestions that "a specific program for promoting international good-will" be adopted "in and outside the classroom in every Catholic school in the country"; that there be prepared "definite teaching units which would contribute to improve attitudes at the elementary and high school level"; and for "an active effort through seminaries, lay organizations and parishes to mobilize Christian thinking against the unchristian state of mind that underlies false nationalism." Dr. Maurice Sheehy is followed in the chairmanship of the committee by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, and the standard suggested by these two names is borne out by the distinguished personnel representing the best Catholic thought throughout the country.

LIKE virtually all other plans which grew out of the war, Zionism has been greatly modified by the course of events. In one of the best and most comprehensive articles on the subject we have seen, the learned German Jesuit, J. B. Kraus, explains to the readers of *Hochland* (Munich) some of the changes which have occurred. First is the admirable development of the Hebrew University as a cultural center particularly noteworthy for its work in Bible study as well as practical science, and the harmful because useless effects of the nationalistic education dispensed by the Jewish elementary school system in Palestine. Father Kraus shows that all dreams of numerical equality between Arabs and Hebrews are idle, and that Great Britain is certainly not in a position to battle for Jewry against the Moslem. He suggests as a feasible program the abolition of the Balfour Declaration, and the development under the existing British mandate of coöperation between both groups. That leaders in the opposing camps have come to see the desirability of mutual friendliness is, to Father Kraus, quite obvious. Indeed he holds that the future is likely to witness the creation of a new state formed perhaps of a united Syria and Palestine, governed autonomously and committed to a program of harmony between Arabs, Christians and Jews. Doubtless no such golden age can develop automatically. All depends upon the ability of the League of Nations to build up respect for a code of laws establishing the rights of minorities.

Problems of Zionism

THE DEATH of Nelson O'Shaughnessy is a loss to the country of a man who was one of its finest diplomats as well as a keen loss to those who knew him as a most charming and truly cultured gentleman. In Copenhagen, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna and Bucharest he and his distinguished wife, the former Edith Louise Coues of Washington, were respected emissaries of America. It was as Chargé d'Affaires in Mexico, however, that Mr. O'Shaughnessy rendered his most memorable service. He was active during the uncertainties over the recognition of Huerta, and was friendly to the then President of Mexico and recommended his recognition by the United States government. The oil companies and close advisers of President Wilson, however, were not in agreement with Mr. O'Shaughnessy. While he was trying to persuade Huerta to protect American lives and property, President Wilson's special commissioner, John Lind, was attempting to overthrow Huerta and to put Carranza in power. O'Shaughnessy considered Carranza and Villa as little better than bandits and representative of the lowest elements of the country. Many observers of Mexican affairs believe that the unstable condition of Mexico and its troubles with the United States in recent years were due to the disregarding of the advice of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the ruling out of Huerta and the recognition of Carranza. Mr. O'Shaughnessy died in Vienna, to which capital he was shifted after leaving Mexico when the United States occupied Vera Cruz. He remained in Vienna until his retirement from the diplomatic service in 1916, and since then engaged in private business.

Nelson O'Shaughnessy

WE WERE considerably shocked, as it is reported Great Britain herself was, by the statement of the headmaster of one of England's famous public schools that the modern boy is timid, cowardly, untruthful, easily bored, vain and dishonest. Between the boys of today and those of thirty years ago, he said there was no comparison. "The keen adventurous outdoor sportsmen of other days has been replaced," he is reported to have said, "by youth who do not know how to saddle a horse, and who deck themselves out like peacocks so they will look pretty. The old spirit of adventure is largely gone and initiative is considerably impaired." This heavy indictment, of course, like all such sweeping statements suffers by reason of being unexplained or unqualified to permit of the exceptions. Whether it is true in general is decidedly important, and still more important is to find the causes and to remedy them. The educator blamed it on the war; though this may be a just statement of fact, it is hardly helpful. And while it is true that boys who have a chance to indulge in outdoor sports, horseback riding and sailing and all the rest of them where nature is unspoiled and uncrowded, will undoubtedly develop a healthy physical energy that will displace timidity and may even lead to the adventurous spirit that goes forth and conquers empires from humble natives, this also is hardly enough. There are spiritual values the cultivation of which are necessary to root out real cowardliness, untruthfulness and dishonesty, and to round out the man who can stay at home with his fellows without being vain or bored. Interior virtues, in the old strong sense of the word, that cannot be learned on the playing fields of Eton, are needed for a calmer, saner race of men who can cultivate their own gardens and yet be richly fulfiled and universal men.

Is Youth Vain?

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THE OMNIBUS ROUTE

RESPONSE to Senator Borah's recent address on international economic problems has been of mixed quality. Not a few of his political associates have speedily absolved themselves of responsibility for any possible move toward debt cancellation, while political economists and publicists have once more referred to Idaho in complimentary terms. It is almost universally conceded, however, that the speech itself was unusually well-informed, logical and impressive. The dominant note was an effective reasonableness which dispensed with all oratorical tom-toming and described the world that is with wise realism. To our minds, Mr. Borah supplied one of the best signs that a measure of improvement is within reach.

Here in the United States and in other countries throughout the world, distress has bred a great deal of hysteria—frantic advocacy of schemes too remote from mother earth to be of any value, and equally frantic outbursts of emotionalism. Every now and then in present-day Washington some poor chap of bonus army extraction is hauled down from a tree wherein he has been airing views themselves sadly like the overheated atmosphere of the city; and there have been moments when it seemed that the Capitol itself was degenerating into such a tree. The information and reflection which characterized Senator Borah's remarks are pleasing evidence to the contrary.

Now of course it does not follow that all the conclusions established by the address are automatically correct. A situation so complex and tangled as ours in the United States does not easily lend itself to analysis. But we feel that neither logic nor facts have lost their significance, and that Mr. Borah utilized both. That our difficulties have an international foundation is evident when we remember that the economic America of the past eighteen years grew out of a change in the world's financial and social structure. It was the war and its aftermath which made a creditor nation of a people who had hitherto relied upon credit from Europe; which inaugurated a policy of producing and manufacturing for a trade with other lands which in turn called for immense loans of capital; and which, by bringing about world-wide speculative competition, altered the standard of values throughout the entire world.

Accordingly the present is faced with one of two choices: either American banking and industry must be willing to wipe out what has been done since 1914, or they must attempt to reconstruct the international situation so as to permit a normal economic life.

Mr. Borah, for all his isolationist convictions, has come out frankly for the second program. For ourselves, we do not see how he could do otherwise. The capital of the United States is an invested capital. It is not a huge accumulation of gold, but a vast aggregate of holdings in real property, industrial plants and commercial organizations either domestic or foreign. This aggregate exists because the nation, after 1914, adjusted itself to a newly won international position. To go back to the status of 1910 would necessarily involve a writing-off of indebtedness within the country too colossal to think about. The ultimate results of that deflation would have to be written in terms of a diminished buying power in comparison with which our experience to date might well seem prosperity. Of course that direction can be taken. But anybody who seriously thinks of doing so will see visions more horrible than that which confronted Macbeth on his way to Duncan's room.

The Borah program is an elementary outline of a program calculated to save the existing structure from collapse. It does not imply that any amount of wishing will restore the conditions of balmy 1928 or 1929. Those days are gone forever. But it holds that by a judicious revision of credit as an entity and as a policy the United States can help to cure the economic world of raging tubercular infections. Now any revision of credit as an entity necessarily implies a writing-off of strangling indebtedness, either by a remission of capital sums due or by a reduction of the charge on money. We ourselves have believed that the second method was the more practicable. But now speed is the essential thing, particularly in view of the results of the Lausanne conference.

Senator Borah was right in calling attention to the remarkable outcome of that meeting. The official representatives of France and Germany were able to abolish the most important source of conflict between their countries—the use of reparations as a political sword held over the head of the Reich. That change cannot be evaluated too highly because, for all the work that remains to be done, it is a step toward healing the major illness of Europe.

Accordingly Mr. Borah arrived at the conviction that credit revision might well take the form of debt remission, provided that at the same time the problems underlying credit policy could be successfully dealt with in international conference. This suggestion rests on the hope that those obstacles which have blockaded financial and commercial traffic—obstacles partly political and partly economic—can be removed. Of course neither the Senator nor anybody else knows whether success can actually be achieved. But there is a possibility, now that the nations of the earth have been passing through a debacle from many points of view as calamitous as the war itself. For our part we urge this hope upon our fellow citizens, by reason of the conviction that the miseries which have been visited upon countless millions everywhere and which may beset still other groups as yet affected only relatively, can and must be alleviated by the use of intelligent conciliation. Let each one ask himself whether he thinks that the fiscal structure erected by American industry since the war ought to be salvaged, or whether he favors deflation to the limit. Then let him think, speak and vote accordingly.

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STRONGBOY AT GENEVA

By ROGER SHAW

Anyone even vaguely familiar with the mathematical phenomena of permutations and combinations, must when he contemplates the human scene with so many units for possible combinations and permutations be somewhat staggered. He sees, however, not a case for fatalism, but a demonstration of free will and the importance of the individual, the counsels of perfection and the polarization of souls toward God. Something of this vision is no doubt the ultimate explanation of Mr. Shaw's lightness where a little less wisdom would have led him to be urgent. He is therefore actually the more illuminating.—The Editors.

IF I WERE the Geneva strongboy, dictatorial cartographer of the League of Nations, I would enjoy the job. I would retire with a pencil and a ruler to my study, and proceed to consider maps and charts, and statistical sheets, and national claims and counterclaims. Then I would refresh my faulty memory by a careful perusal of President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points—which, after all, most of us believe in if we know what they consist of—and get down to work. From my august decisions, mind you, there would be no appeal; for I should be League dictator—unhampered by Clemenceaus, Lloyd-Georges and Orlandos.

Instead of the advice of elder statesmen, I should rely on Napoleon III's old standby—popular referendums honestly non-manipulated. For Napoleon III would have agreed with me that Wilson's belief in racial self-determination was quite all right. To police these regional votes, I should employ the United States marine corps, whose blissful ignorance would insure lack of prejudice and a fair-and-square deal for all concerned. Certain referendums which followed the World War were in desperate need of such impartial supervision.

From 1871 till 1914 there was one Alsace-Lorraine in Europe, and it made plenty of trouble. Since 1919 there have been a score of such ulcers, to trouble Old Europa's digestion. With marines, referendums and my own serpentine wisdom and indomitable will, I would undertake to heal these sores in the interests of everybody concerned. In the following paragraphs I have outlined my partial program, based on the express understanding that if I'm wrong, the referendums will tell me so. . . .

Austria, first and foremost, I should present to the German Reich with my compliments. The Austrians have repeatedly expressed their desire to effect this federal junction; and racially they are certainly more German than cosmopolitan Berliners. Austria was the heart of Germany till 1866, when Bismarck tired of the Hapsburg supremacy; and 6,000,000 additional Germans could prove no very vital threat to the peace and well-being of the European Continent. Austria today is functioning as a head without a body, for the little area is largely made up of Vienna. If the principle of self-determination works toward consolidation rather than toward separatism, more power to it!

The Hungarian frontiers I should certainly rectify, at the expense of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. Dr. Masaryk, Czech President, might prove not unsympathetic toward such a move; for 3,000,000 loyal Magyars are cut off by the frontiers drawn in the Trianon Treaty of 1920. Such delimitation would affect but slightly the three victor states mentioned above; and would ease the tension in Central Europe caused by an irreconcilable loser, whose slogan has become *Nem, Nem, Soha* ("No, no, never"). Lord Rothermere, the English press magnate, has worked untiringly for this solution; and I should award him my Cartographical Cross of the First Class.

Of the Belgians I should carefully inquire: Do you really want to be Belgians? I have the feeling that many—perhaps a majority—do not. For Belgium was artificially erected in 1831, due to two major premises. The French-speaking Belgians (Walloons) disliked their union with Protestant Holland; and the Great Powers, who distrusted France, forbade union with their Gallic kinsmen. Belgium was thereby created on much the same unstable grounds which led to the delimitation of the present Austria in 1919. Since 1831 the Flemish-Walloon rivalry has raged with an increasing violence. A happy solution, if the so-called Belgians desired, would be a division whereby Wallonia would become a department of the French Republic, and Flanders would take its place with its closely allied Dutch neighbors as a province of the United Netherlands.

These Flemings, it is interesting to note, are direct descendents of the ancient Franks, those sturdy Teutons from whom France derives its name, and over whom old Karl the Great (Charlemagne) ruled in phlegmatic splendor. The attraction of Flanders to the Teutonic world was notably aroused by German occupation during the war; but Holland, not Germany, is their cherished goal today—according to my trusted spies.

Jugoslavia is a union of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians and Montenegrins, allied in race but differing in religious and cultural traditions. Bismarck, encountering a similar situation as he unified Germany, employed federalism. It worked. I should suggest to the troubled King Alexander that he do the same, easing the friction of a rule centralized at Belgrade. I should then reward him by adding Bulgaria to his federated kingdom, thereby extending Jugoslavia from the Adriatic to the Black Sea.

The Bulgarians, of the same race and religion as

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the Serbs, hate their Slavic cousins much as the Scotch hated the kindred English prior to 1603 (when the kingdoms were federated). The union I suggest would permit the Bulgars to retain home rule, would remove their eternal dispute with the Serbs over Macedonia, and would give them Adriatic port facilities. It would remove a European ulcer, and would cause the far-sighted Stambulisky, late Bulgarian statesman and proponent of this union, to roll delightedly in his grave.

To Greece I should yield Turkey-in-Europe, including Constantinople, which is historically and in part racially Hellenic. Till 1453 the district was the heart of *Magna Graecia,* and it was the intention of the Allies to cede it to czarist Russia. The Bolshevist Revolution and Turkish diplomacy prolonged the Turkish control; but today the Turkish capital is in far-away Angora. It would please me to see Venizelos and his capable, non-aggressive countrymen on the Bosphorus, where they above all others belong.

The Ukrainians, who are evidently dissatisfied under Polish rule, should have a free choice as to their destinies. Racially they are Russians, and anathema to their Polish masters. The English *Manchester Guardian* investigators have told of their treatment, and I need not elaborate the sickening details. I should let them decide between the theoretical "brutalities" of the kindred Ukrainian Soviet and the actualities of their present allocation. On what their reply would be, I should wager my last Bronx subway fare. Let them vote!

The province of Bessarabia is chiefly Rumanian in population, was ceded to Russia in 1877 as the price for Russian assistance against the Turks, and again became Rumanian in 1920. The Soviets have never recognized the transfer, for Bessarabia is rich in wheat and contains potential Communists. Relations between Carol and Stalin are strained thereby, and Rumania is linked to Poland in an anti-Soviet alliance. I would uphold Rumania's claims, which are just; but as recompense I would see to it that the Rumanian Communists were given full civil rights and that the alliance with Poland was terminated.

To the Irish Free State I would award Protestant Ulster, establishing the unity of Erin once and for all time. I may add that I am of Scotch-Irish Protestant stock myself. And so were many Irish patriots—Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, Parnell, Sir Roger Casement. The Free State leans backward in its efforts toward religious toleration, and the orange bar in the Free State flag is symbolic. The Belfast industries would profit by free commercial intercourse with agricultural southern Ireland; and the older generation of northern Tory die-hards (of the Edward Carson type) are passing on to join their prototype, the Iron Duke of Wellington. As to Ireland's relationship to King George and his Commonwealth of Nations, I should refer to an Irish independence referendum—always remembering that an English tariff might prove annoying. Belfast loyalty to the crown, perhaps, is not unconnected with the British unemployment dole—of which Ulster has been getting its full share.

Upper Silesia, rich in its coal deposits, I should give to Germany *in toto.* It is now divided between Poland and the Reich—an economic unit uneconomically apportioned to the disgust of everybody concerned. A referendum was held here in 1920, and the district voted to remain German. Following this, however, came unfair division, wrangles on the supervising commission, and utter chaos. Polish irregulars added to the melancholy confusion (their leader, Korfanty, is now reported to be in an insane asylum), and there was one more sore spot to nurse.

Memel, a German city on the Baltic, was placed under Lithuanian control to give that country access to the sea. There has been a recent *putsch* by Lithuanian officials against the city's German bosses, although Memel has been guaranteed local self-government. It should go back to form a part of the East Prussia which it adjoins; and Lithuania should be granted port rights similar to those enjoyed by land-locked Czechoslovakia in Hamburg. Poland, on the other hand, I would compel to give up Vilna, the Lithuanian capital, which it seized by another military *putsch* in 1920. Since that time Poland and Lithuania have had no diplomatic relations.

Then there are some little spots which might be looked into. Gibraltar, so the generals tell me, is no longer of the slightest military value. Perhaps the Spaniards, from whom it was "lifted" in 1704, might like to have it back. I think the British Labor party, at least, could be persuaded, if the Spanish Republic persists in existing. Alsace, although Germanic, is loyal to France in its own complaining way. Germany renounced it in 1925 at Locarno. Union with Switzerland might have proved more logical, but I should let the matter rest and rejoice that I was able to. Vorarlberg, an Austrian province which adjoins Switzerland, has expressed itself as desiring to "go" Swiss. If the Vorarlbergers prefer this to a German amalgamation, I should agree.

To my confrère Mussolini (for we dictators must stick together) I should suggest a liberation of the 300,000 Austro-Germans of South Tyrol. These were acquired by Italy along with a strategic military frontier, and their treatment has certainly not been of the best. I doubt whether Wilhelm Tell would have fancied changing his name to Guglielmo, or his *Prosit* to *Saluté.* In return, however, I should suggest to his Britannic Majesty that Malta, just south of Sicily, be made Italian—as the Maltese seem to vociferously desire. And so, if Italy could get along without the strategic Brenner Pass, England could do with one less naval base.

Corsica, despite Napoleon, is Italian in race. If the sentiment is Italian and Fascist, I should let the island go its way rejoicing. France could get along without it. Monaco, with its sportive Monte Carlo, will sooner or later "go" French with or without my dictatorial say-

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so. Lithuania, with under 3,000,000 inhabitants, I should advise to federate with Latvia (2,000,000) and Esthonia (1,000,000). Lying side by side along the Baltic, with common traditions and a high order of intelligence, they might emulate Switzerland by pooling interests. Finland's orientation is to the older Scandinavias, of which she once was a part.

When I come to the well-known Polish Corridor, I am moved to scratch my dictatorial and cartographical head—and with some reason. Here is a deadlock which the experts pronounce hopeless. The Corridor population is Polish, its port of Danzig is German, and the present geography is maddeningly uneconomic. But I should rush in where angels fear to tread, for this ulcer must be healed before all other ulcers.

East Prussia, the German island in a Slavic sea, is back to its original status of an isolated colony of militant Teutonic Knights (who fought the first battle of Tannenberg in 1410 against the Poles). Today its situation is unpleasantly precarious, for feudalism is dead and nationalism is very much alive. The Poles, furthermore, have built themselves a Baltic seaport called Gdynia which lies northwest of Danzig. Danzig, a "free city" under the protection of the League of Nations, is included in the Polish customs union. I should, experimentally, internationalize the little Corridor and let mushroom Gdynia remain Polish. Then I should return German Danzig to East Prussia and the Reich. If this free-transit solution proved unsatisfactory, and it might, I should return the bulk of the Corridor to Poland; giving Germany a strip of Baltic coast to connect up East Prussia and the rest of the country. Gdynia would be bought outright by the Germans, and Poland would be guaranteed full port rights there. The League would stand back of the deal, which is closer to home than Shanghai and therefore easier to administer.

Finally, I would decree free trade throughout Continental Europe—which would tend to minimize whatever frictions remained. Profits do much toward healing broken hearts; and America's free-trading states have never indulged in bloody boundary disputes. Nationalism is economic as well as political; and if racial self-determination *à la* Wilson can supplant commercial self-determination *à la* tariff, the disarmament conferences of the future may actually work for disarmament instead of for diplomatic "swaps." But, of course, I would have to be dictator.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUPERMAN

By JOHN MOODY

ONE OF the greatest of the many superstitions back of modern big business philosophy has been the widespread notion that the eminently practical men who are the leaders in corporate finance and industry, must necessarily be endowed with superintelligence and shrewdness. Wall Street, especially, has been saturated with this superstition as far back as the present generation can remember, and probably farther. And as Wall Street has become, during the last half-century, the banking and financial center of our modern, corporate civilization—the lever which switches on or off our great credit-grinding machine—it has been widely assumed that the ablest men of superior brain-power and of the longest vision quite naturally gravitate to that center.

Forty years ago, as a callow youth, I entered Wall Street in search of my bread and butter—and a "career." Almost the first piece of advice given to me was, "Follow the big fellows." But unfortunately—or rather, for me, fortunately—the "big fellows" of those days almost immediately underwent a dramatic eclipse, for the panic of 1893 with the four-year depression which followed, threw them all into the scrap heap. During these years of privation and disaster there were no "big fellows" to follow; and for a time it looked as though this silly superstition was killed for good.

But it was only scotched. With the return of confidence and recovery in business which set in late in 1897, and the revival of prosperity for Wall Street, a new crop of leaders and super-guiders came to the surface; and soon, not only the Wall Street small-fry, but the country as a whole, began to fall down and worship them. The earlier, discredited crop had been known as "Napoleons of finance," but now the more modern title of "captain of industry" was invented. This "captain of industry" period ran nearly ten years, and the youth of our country came more and more under its spell. We were entering the time, it was widely taught, when our great age of enlightenment would be in full flower; when, through the development of corporate enterprise and the further perfection of credit instruments, financial security and material comfort would become the lot of every honest man and woman, while the rewards of industrial and financial genius and leadership would be without limit.

This sort of fiction was easily the "best seller" of that lurid first decade of the new century. At first blush it seemed to be coming true, at least so far as the rewards of industrial and financial leadership were concerned; for this was the time when fabulous fortunes running into the tens and hundreds of millions began to be commonplaces. On the other hand, as for the "lot of every honest man and woman" being any better than before, this was a decidedly debatable question. However, the preaching was widespread that every honest man should strive to emulate, to the best of his ability and opportunity, the great captains

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of industry or big business men who were making America.

The great illusion seemed to reach its height in 1906. The great supermen of business and finance became the gods of all American youth flowing out of our schools and colleges in search of business careers. Schools of commerce and finance, business institutes and correspondence courses in business (which would teach by mail how to become a great executive in twenty lessons) flourished throughout the land. Magazines of business and finance reached great circulations, preaching the doctrine that any youth of spirit and ambition would become a more important asset to his country by following the leadership of big business, than in any other activity or vocation; while his financial rewards would certainly be greater.

In fact, our country was, for the first time, becoming money-mad on a large scale. "You can buy anything with money—comforts, luxuries, culture, social position, political or economic power, happiness; even religious prestige, if you want it." This was the sort of thing that Young America was imbibing—and largely believing. It is an old saying that few men want more than $1,000,000 until they get $1,000,000. Then they want $2,000,000 or more. Greed grows by what it feeds on. And during that first decade of the twentieth century the seeds were being widely sown among the rising generation in America for that Era of Greed which began to culminate only yesterday.

This worship of the super-business man of course had setbacks during that period. The financial crash of 1907 made many an onlooker sceptical of the philosophy. But although that wild crash laid all the supermen low, the recovery was prompt and sharp; the average big business idol staged a quick "comeback," and as we draw near to the opening days of the World War, the superstitious worship of the superman of finance and business was as avid as ever. That was the period when the modern "business economist" came conspicuously to the front, with his business cycle theories and so on; and also when the great flood of economic literature began to appear, lauding the business superman as the great indispensable cog in the wheel of our wonderful mechanistic civilization.

With the oncoming of the war, super-business wisdom was at first confounded, for the orthodox preaching of all our supermen had been that a World War was "unthinkable"; that we had reached an age when economic and financial leaders, and not politicians or chauvinists, dominated destiny in all Western countries. When the war did begin, practically every business economist and every captain of industry or general of finance (a new title) loudly proclaimed that if the war continued six months it would ruin business throughout the United States and utterly wreck security values. For over four months, in fear and trembling, the scions of Wall Street kept the stock exchange closed.

If there ever has been a time when the superman fetish should have been exploded, it was the opening year of the war. The master minds were 100 percent wrong in asserting that war was "unthinkable"; they were equally wrong in forecasting its effects on American industry and finance. For the war resulted in bringing undreamed of wealth and financial prosperity to all corporate America; gold flowed to our shores in fabulous volume; the European governments became colossal customers for our products; values rose to unheard of heights and a wave of speculation overspread the country, by means of which millionaires and multi-millionaires were made almost overnight. And although this outcome amazed our supermen fully as much as it surprised the ordinary layman, yet the general public are so superstitious, that supermanism not only held its own, but became stronger than ever.

Nothing succeeds like success, says the old proverb, and as superman success is always measured by dollars, it seemed altogether logical to the man in the street to assume that the super-genius of John Smith was the cause of his fabulous war profits. The further joke is that John Smith was sure it *was* his own genius. There is no greater egoist than the markedly lucky superman. When success comes to him he begins to worship his own ability even more avidly than does his public.

Again, after the World War ended, and the profiteering craze spread over the country, supermanism underwent a new phase of glory. Prices of commodities rose to new heights in 1919, and the typical business economist came forward with the prediction that because of the world shortage of goods, prices would continue to climb for years; sugar would sell permanently at $.25 a pound or more, cotton at $.20 to $.50 or higher, wheat at $2.00 or higher; and all the rest of it. Big business swallowed this doctrine whole hog, and the stock market rose to dizzy heights. Our whole population, following the all-wise leaders, began stocking up with shoes, sugar and other commodities in anticipation of the future rising costs, as predicted by the super-minds of the country. That these super-minds believed it all, was demonstrated in many ways. I will give one instance to illustrate. Late in 1919 a conference of all the big tire manufacturers was held, where it was unanimously agreed by these master minds that shortly there would not be enough raw rubber in the world to equip the automobiles of two years hence!

Everyone knows what happened the following year. The profiteering boom collapsed like a punctured balloon, inventories became "frozen," shipping lost 80 percent of its value, sugar scudded down to $.05 a pound or less, and the overproduction of rubber was so great that all the tire companies were flat as punctured tires themselves. Once again the superman philosophy had scored a colossal failure.

Nevertheless, the doctrine had become by this time so deeply imbedded in the minds of the American

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public, that only a year or two went by before everybody was climbing on the super-band-wagon again. The oil scandals of the Harding administration were beginning to amaze the man in the street, but this did not prevent the doctrine of "normalcy" from moving right along. "Coolidge prosperity" was now becoming the watchword; we were at last approaching the millenium of big business; the war was behind us, taxes were cut to help the expanding optimism, security prices began their long climb to the sky, and every word uttered by a general of finance was listened to with bated breath from coast to coast. And the highest ambition of the typical college graduate was to become a bond salesman!

For half a dozen years thereafter supermanism waxed and waxed. By the summer of 1929 millions in America and elsewhere were staking their all on the words of wisdom doled out daily by the massive mentalities of big business. So certain was the golden flood to flow forever that it became the fashion to capitalize future "prosperity" a generation in advance. One outstanding financial genius announced that the shares of his mammoth holding company, then quoted at 150, would sell at $1,000 a share within five years. (These shares have recently been quoted at 2, and the company is practically bankrupt.) Even our great statesmen joined the throng of worshipers of the golden calf, and it was authoritatively announced from the seats of the political-mighty that poverty was shortly to be abolished in this land of progress and plenty.

Although the summer and early autumn of 1929 were full of danger signals for the wary, superman-religion was by then so triumphant that all warnings were a waste of time. Even as close to the panic as late October every last superman was telling us that there was not a cloud in the financial skies, that security prices would continue to rise indefinitely, and that, by 1932, "Hoover prosperity" would make the old, limited "Coolidge prosperity" look like a corner grocery.

As we know, the great crash of 1929 resulted in a frightful jolt to the superman faith, but it did not at once kill it. People still continued to look to the master minds for leadership and wisdom; and American statesmanship tied itself closely to the faith and hope of the big business thinkers. The panic was but an interlude in the onward march of progress, and renewed "prosperity" was said to be just around the corner.

But there comes a time, even with the most obtuse, when worlds of fancy begin to look like worlds of fancy; and after over two years of growing disaster in pinning its faith to this modern religion of supermanism, our great, money-mad, hopeful public found itself in the scrap heap, with all the supermen for company. At last, after a half-century or more, this major superstition of our times—the belief that the great leaders of our material civilization are full of profundity and can never be far wrong—seems to have met a definite eclipse.

It seems so; but will it really prove so? Hardly. Today the superman superstition is a wreck; things have gone so far that even the supermen themselves have lost faith in their own wisdom and judgment; blunder after blunder has been their portion since 1929, and most of them have recently been throwing up their arms in despair. They are now admitting that they are just ordinary "damned fools," after all. And they are largely right, perhaps for the first time in their lives.

Here is an instance. Recently I was lunching with one of America's great financial leaders, whom I happen to know very well. He had learned that I am a Catholic, and being utterly ignorant of Catholicism, he asked me to explain it to him. Among other things I said, "You must remember that we humans are a 'fallen race.'" "Just what does that mean?" he asked. "Briefly, it means," I answered, "that we are all a pack of fools."

It was an answer that this fallen superman could understand. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "it is true. If there was ever a bigger damned fool than I am, I have yet to know of him."

There is hope for the future in this attitude; but will it last? No doubt the superman superstition has passed for the deluded generation who began to be inoculated with it a quarter-century ago; but when the present great economic disaster burns itself out, and our corporate civilization begins to build itself up again on a more modified and saner basis (let us hope), it seems probable that a new crop of supermen will appear on the scene as the reorganizers and rebuilders. And when this happens the man in the street will not long delay in raising the pedestal again.

One of the hopes for the future, however, lies in the fact that the rising generation of today are not imbibing this superstition with the avidity of their fathers. It is therefore possible that their trust in the wisdom, profundity and common sense of the super-business-genius will be of a more modified type. In these bitter times, greed for quick and bulging wealth has undergone a serious setback; too big a section of our population is too desperately struggling for mere existence, to be preoccupied with dreams of easy affluence.

Still, the foundations of our modern, material civilization are too deep-seated for us to hope that, even under prolonged distress, men will easily change their outlook on life. It is widely believed that the superman was the invention of Neitsche, but the roots of our money-worshiping, materialistic time extend far back of this modern age of "progress and enlightenment." In fact, we can trace them to that period, four centuries ago, when men like René Descartes were teaching the doctrine that the worship of human reason alone was the whole duty of man. This was the real genesis of the superman superstition.

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CONTESTING

By JOHN K. RYAN

CONTESTS we have had always with us, but today they are booming as never before. Making their appeal primarily to the very human desire to get something for nothing, they find today a vast and responsive public. They have become more numerous, sponsored by big business, baited with larger rewards, more direct and sometimes more elaborate, but their essential character and purpose remain unchanged. The old formula of a letter telling "Why I prefer Cui Bono Kidney Plasters to any other" is still standard.

This is evidenced by the tremendous popular interest that attached to the $25,000 Camel contest of last year, when 1,000,000 letters told what the new cellophane wrappers meant to the writers. The Camel contest held the record for the amount of prizes until the recent $37,500 contest sponsored by Old Golds. In this contest all that was necessary was to write a letter telling why Old Golds are so popular. Other companies have found this method so successful that they offer weekly prizes. Thus you have two chances every week to win good money from the Goodyear tire people. Just tell why you like to deal with a Goodyear dealer, or why more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

A slight variation on the letter of approval theme is the suggestion contest. For instance, every week $50.00 is given for the best new use suggested for Sterno Canned Heat. Every month the Eberhard Faber Pencil Company offers two $50.00 prizes, one for a sketch made with Mongol colored pencils and the other for a new use for the pencils in art or industry. Obviously, these baits are hooked, although not quite in the same manner as when the contest requires that the answer be written on a prescribed number of wrappers of the article in question.

This last method of contesting is becoming so frequent that no prudent American now throws away his old tomato tins, shoe boxes, cigar wrappers, labels from his favorite candy bars and the like. There is no telling when he will get a chance to write a short short story or little essay on the backs of fifty soup cans or eighty soap wrappers. Of course, permission is always given to use facsimiles. Still, one can very readily imagine what a hearty laugh President George Washington Hill of the American Tobacco Company would have if he received twenty—no more, no less!—facsimiles of Cremo cigar bands from some optimistic contestant.

Newspapers and magazines still continue their own contests. These are usually along such familiar lines as the solution of cross-word puzzles and such like pawky affairs, adding last lines to limericks, naming pictures, solving detective stories, identifying movie stars and writing short short stories. They no longer attract the same popular interest as before, because their public is limited and because the great national advertisers can offer far greater prizes than can most newspapers and magazines. Big business has seen its duty to the public with regard to contests and has gone in for them in a big way. Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, Anheuser-Busch, the Kelvinator Company, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, the makers of Blue Ribbon malt, Plymouth motor cars, Bond bread and Ingram's shaving cream—these are only a few of the big companies that have done their bit for the depressed by means of contests. The day may even be looked forward to when United States Steel and J. P. Morgan and Company will give the American people something really big and novel in the way of contests.

Naturally, a literature has already been produced on the art and science of contesting. A. Demott Freese, editor of the *American Author* is the author of "Prize Contests from the Inside." According to its advertisements, this work is:

> A best seller. The book that tells all. More than 150 copies of this book were sold before it left the bindery room. If you have never tried the contests, you are missing one of the best opportunities open today. "Everybody's doing them." You can make big money in the contests if you learn how it's done. Millions in cash and merchandise are being given away for only a few minutes of your time. It is not so hard to win if you know how. This book gives the inside facts, and puts the reader in possession of the things of which he has heretofore been ignorant. The book was written to supply a need that has long been evident. . . . Get your copy now. . . . The book contains eighteen valuable chapters, eighty pages, and is nicely bound. It contains, in addition to the work of the author, the ten "official" rules of contesting as arranged by the country's best authorities, and four special, contributed chapters by Gilson Vanderveer Willets, Walter Mair, Mary Salinda Foster and Mabel Millspaugh, recognized as authority wherever contests are known. A chapter on the preparation of manuscripts will prove valuable.

Another work is Davis's "Ten Years of Prize Winning," written by one "who has won an average of one prize every ten days for over six years." With such a record the author has a right to propose these questions:

> Would you like to know how to find contest announcements—how to keep track of them—how to gather and preserve material—what kind of contests to enter and what kind to avoid? Would you like to know what points will help you win—with actual winning examples? . . . [If so] "Ten Years of Prize Winning" . . . [will give] you this information in meaty, compact form.

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Trade organs as well as authoritative books have appeared in the contest business. The *Monthly Contest Guide,* published in St. Paul, announces that it

> is constantly combing the country for new contest suggestions. By going over each issue, even if you can spend only a few minutes, the idea that you can use will be sure to come to your attention as soon as it is uncovered.

If you take your contesting seriously and want to keep *au courant* in the best contesting circles, it is an evident necessity and advantage to follow the current professional literature on the subject. Another trade organ is *Healy's Contest Bulletin,* published in Oklahoma City. This,

> a monthly magazine, lists the "cream" of contests, offering thousands of cash prizes for photos, bright sayings, jokes, essays, poems, letters, newspaper clippings, recipes, stories, slogans, household suggestions, limericks, etc., and you can get your share by keeping posted and entering the contests promptly.

Special mongraphs that cover almost all phases of contesting are now on the market. Perhaps the most complete series is a set of twenty-six "Educational Bulletins for Contestants, with Collections of Hundreds of National Prize-winning Entries." In this set are seven distinct series, all by Kenneth Close, on such diverse subjects as slogans, letter writing, limerick last lines, picture titling, naming products, ad writing and tongue twisters.

Mr. Close—may it not be "Dr." Close?—evidently knows his field and covers it thoroughly. Thus the serious student of contesting can get pamphlets on "The Nature of Limericks," "The History of Limericking" and "Classification of Winning Limerick Last Lines," among others in the same department. "Characteristics of Winning Tongue Twisters" and "Procedure in Composing Tongue Twisters" may also be had, but unfortunately the series does not contain anything on the history of tongue twisters. This is a defect that should be remedied. However, since many of the best informed and most successful contestants hold that the day of any great vogue for tongue twisters is over, it may well be that the history of tongue twisters is only of scholarly interest. It is a truism that the interests of most contestants are intensely practical.

Another authority is Elmer Dwiggins, "Puzzle Expert," of Alhambra, California. Elmer is more concerned with the practical side of contesting than with the theoretical or historical. Upon payment of $3.00 he will send you his guaranteed solution to a "number-path puzzle" that is sponsored by "an important Hollywood Company" with at least $8,860 in prizes. As Elmer himself writes:

> With my solution of this company's best prize you will have the highest possible answer, and I definitely guarantee that you will win first prize, or get into the ties for it, if ties occur. There are also local contests in four zones of the United States, for $500 first prize in each zone, as well as ninety-nine more minor prizes. I further guarantee that my solution will also qualify you to compete free in your zone. Failing in either of these guarantees, I will immediately return the $3.00 which you pay for my solution. Isn't that more than fair? How can you lose anything? And what an easy chance to make a big winning, because one person may win two prizes! Now send in the telepathic answer to this post card. Just detach and mail the reply card. Do not sign or mark it in any way. Let me guess who sent it and the address. Bet you I can do it. Just try and see!

Who could resist such a guarantee with its ingenuous candor and Elmer's artless telepathy thrown in for good measure?

Despite the fact that contesting has its trade organs, its authoritative writers and their books and educational bulletins, it would be rash to say that it has reached maturity. Without question, contesting is today a great American pastime and a great American industry. It is beyond doubt that its prospects will grow brighter with the progress of the depression. Various statistical estimates have been made of the numbers already engaged in contesting, and none of them fall below 12,000,000 or a tenth of our population. Should serious effort be made to formalize, standardize and organize contesting, its financial, social and political possibilities are incalculable.

Alpha and Omega

There is a long road running through the years.
When daylight clears
I look beyond to see the end.
Long years! My only Friend,
Must I go all that way to see Thy face?
Swiftly the words of grace
Come back from where He waits for me one day:
"Lo, I am the Way."

There is a sunrise shining on the hills.
Its splendor fills
The distant years that lie ahead.
Truth, rising from the dead,
Shall gloriously light the shadowed land.
In the half dark I stand;
Must I go stumbling through my years of youth?
"Nay, I am the Truth."

Like a strong wind the Spirit comes and goes,
Yet no man knows
Whence blows the breath of Life. I see
Each flower, each wayside tree,
Wake, stir, respond with murmurous song.
O how I pray and long
For that strong Breath to quicken me in strife!
"Lo, I am the Life."

My Way, my Truth, my Life, Who lovest me,
Only one thing I have, and it shall be
A perfect offering, my joy in Thee.

M. A. W.

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METTERNICH, MONROE AND MANCHURIA

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

METTERNICH, the great reactionary and relentless enemy of "new" governments, ought to be interested today (wherever he may be sitting) in the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine from opposition to his political philosophy right around the circle to full adhesion to it. We have not changed the title of the earliest of all American policies outlined in Monroe's message to Congress. It is still "the Monroe Doctrine," though it not only stands today four-square with the policy against which Monroe's warning was directed, but seems to be creeping out beyond this continent to which it was originally confined, in order to police the world, as Metternich intended to do.

This study is not meant as an objection to America assisting in policing the world if Americans be so inclined, and if they are capable of keeping reasonable order without imposing unsuited and unwarranted ways and customs on the people policed.

We may go as far in that line as the rest of the world will allow, until another Monroe Doctrine in some form and under some other name will stop us as we stopped Metternich.

After the great wars for the extension of French Kultur to the rest of Europe which ended in the ruin and exile of Napoleon, the "Big Four" (Austria, Great Britain, Prussia and Russia, in Quadruple Alliance) attempted to save the pieces and reconstruct a shattered world. Between 1815 and 1822, Metternich promoted four great congresses for that purpose, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laibach and Verona. Suppression of "liberalism" (i. e., of revolution) was one of the foremost objects of these congresses then, as suppression or prevention of war is one of the foremost objects today of the modern "Big Four" and Associates in the League of Nations.

A protocol is, in diplomatic language, the record of an international agreement less formal than a treaty or convention. Out of the second of these congresses, held in 1820, came the Protocol of Troppau, by which the Big Four agreed in part as follows:

"States which have undergone a change of government due to revolution, the results of which threaten other states, *ipso facto* cease to be members of the European alliance and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantee for legal order and stability. . . . If, owing to such alterations, immediate danger threatens other states, the powers bind themselves by peaceful means, *or if need be by arms,* to bring back the guilty state into the bosom of the great Alliance."

Three years later, James Monroe (with the connivance of one of the Big Four!) made a pronouncement to Congress which challenged any extension of the "European system" (i.e., Metternich's international police system) to this "hemisphere."

Like Washington's opinion with regard to alliances, Monroe's message is so rarely read and (again like Washington's) so constantly misquoted, that it may not be out of place to restate it here, and to look at it carefully:

1. "In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so."

2. "It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense."

3. "With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes that must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers."

4. "The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . ."

5. "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Those are five paragraphs of the first section of Monroe's declaration of policy. Applying it concretely to the intention of several of the powers to assist Spain to suppress the independence movement in South America, Monroe continues:

". . . It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent [he is speaking of course, of the American continents] without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord."

Seventy-two years later (1895), President Cleveland's Secretary of State, Richard Olney, interpreted that statement of policy still further: "Today the United States *is* [sic] practically sovereign on this continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

Nine years after that (1904), President Roosevelt declared: "Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in the general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

With these successive declarations of Olney and Roosevelt, and their practical exemplification from President Wilson to Secretary Stimson throughout the Caribbean region, Central America and Mexico, by suppression of disorder, elimination of revolutionary *coups d'état,* recognition of or erection of "friendly" governments, etc., we have the United States standing squarely for the same fundamental interests that produced the Protocol of Troppau, though the objectives and methods of intervention may be expressed or practised differently.

Still twenty-seven years later, the "fiat" of the United States follows the "fiat" of the Quadruple Alliance across a further expanse of "3,000 miles" of sea, such as had made such extension seem immoral and provocative first to Monroe and later to Richard Olney; in coöperation with the League of Nations, the United States formally notifies Japan that we will not recognize any situation, treaty or agreement entered into by China and Japan as a result of Japan's attempt to deal with what its government might allege to be a similar condition in China to that characterized by Roosevelt as "chronic wrongdoing or an impotence which results in the general loosening of the ties of civilized society"; and which Japan might compare further to the situation explained or guarded against in paragraphs 2, 3, 4 and 5 of the first section of Monroe's expression of policy, as quoted above.

It is quite true that Japan has subscribed to international agreements intended to provide guarantees against war, and it is equally true that it is the duty of the President and Secretary of State to uphold the sanctity of international agreements. The phenomenon that is particularly interesting, aside from that point, is the seemingly square about-face of the United States in the hundred years from Troppau to Manchuria. It is an interesting speculation how we shall answer if challenged by Japan in identical terms to those used by Monroe to stop Metternich. No doubt we shall answer, but how shall we, or France (fresh from the Ruhr), answer with a straight face? We shall see some interesting diplomacy in the near future.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE NECESSARY THING

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: May I venture the opinion that the explanation for the "profound and astonishing indifference" of the masses toward the forthcoming election, noted in your editorial, "The Necessary Thing," in THE COMMONWEAL of June 15, is suggested by Lyle W. Cooper's article, "Wages Are Too High" in the same issue.

Not only is it true that our institutional system, dominated by competition and monopoly, tends always to evaluate industrial and farm wages as too high, but the disillusioning realization that this is the situation is growing upon the laboring masses. They see no promise in our present institutional system set up for the early return and maintenance of employment at fair wages, and profitable farm commodity prices; they continue to hope that their growing conviction is wrong, but men everywhere are saying, "We see no promise of improvement."

But deeply concerned and personally injured by the depression as the majority are, counting farmers, unemployed and small business men, they do not take the election seriously because they know that both major political parties support the established institutional system, and that the issues of substantial institutional change will not be fought out between them. The "progressives" have failed to register with the masses for want of a clear and comprehensive program; their capacity and judgment are quite generally doubted. Communism and Socialism have no following because they do not promise what the American masses want.

The American farmer and laboring man wants an income sufficient to insure the ownership of his own home, and a comfortable standard of living. He wants security from unemployment and disastrous price levels. He wants freedom for himself and his children to engage in professions of their choice, with opportunity by capacity and industry to better their economic status. He wants what America has stood for in the past, and he is increasingly disbelieving that these objectives are to be had without major adjustments in our institutional system.

As you suggest, the first need is for the coherent and convincing restatement of the moral principles involved; then, the examination of our institutional system in the light of these principles, and finally the formulation and enactment of a program of necessary changes to make those principles effective.

It appears certain that this task will not be undertaken by our political parties, who should be doing it as a continuous process. Responsible editors and other public-spirited citizens must carry the burden of initiating a program adequate to the social needs of the times, and of carrying it before the people, as in the nation-wide campaign to curtail the cost of government.

I can think of but two ways to dispel the lack of faith and hope among the people. One is quickly, by some means not now apparent, to bring about the return of prosperity; the other to explain what adjustments in our institutional system will enable the masses to achieve their objectives. With an honest program, presented in such a way as to win the confidence and moral and intellectual approval of the working classes, I believe they will endure many hardships calmly, provided they feel that they are fighting for a just cause.

Lacking an effective leadership to clarify the means by which their objectives may be gained, and to give an emotional outlet in these trying times, it is indeed difficult to hazard into what avenue their pent up energies and emotions may be turned.

JOHN F. GABLE.

JUNÍPERO SERRA

San Bernardino, Calif.

TO the Editor: The distinctive appropriateness of individual articles in THE COMMONWEAL and their amicable union in the reader's mind was clearly impressed upon me recently. In the July 20 issue there appeared the calm, colorful and lovely appreciation of Junípero Serra. On the next page there was a letter, written bluntly and well, decrying the theorizing of Gregorian Chant and clamoring for more practical results of the modern movement toward a better understanding of church music. You may well ask how I connect the two. It was my happy privilege to visit many of the grand old missions this summer. At one of them I was fortunate enough to arrive in time to assist at a high Mass. The Proper and the Ordinary were chanted by a schola of Franciscans. Their rendition technically was flawless. But it was apparent that far more than technique was there. Prayer imbued every rise and fall of the chant. Waves of melody, sung prayer, seemed to vie with the waves of the ocean nearby. Irresistibly, steadily and evenly the flow of chant engulfed the soul in prayer. It was Gregorian Chant in a perfect setting. It was what I had dreamed of but had never seen or heard—ancient chant sung in an old mission by members of an old order. The inherent charm and appeal of the chant won the hearts of all—even those uneducated in music. From bits of conversation I gathered after the Mass, the tourists were both happy and complacent, feeling that they had (as one put it) "heard Mass right."

To cap it all, as I left the mission I saw THE COMMONWEAL on a stand and people purchasing copies. With these pleasant mementoes of my sojourn at the Santa Barbara Mission I proceeded to visit the others, arriving in time at the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo in Monterey where Father Junípero Serra is buried. I lingered near his resting place, reluctant to leave it. A certain air of serenity, of finality, of cherished peace, pervaded the place. The prayers I offered for Father Serra's repose were perhaps unnecessary, so I hoped that the Master Missionary would apply them to the missions themselves, Father Serra's blessed and well-loved *monumentum aere perennius.*

FRANCIS SCHERINGER.

THE YOUNG CRIMINAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the *Times Magazine* of July 17, Mr. Wickersham has written a most stirring account of the menacing problem of the young criminal and the dire effects of prison rule. He speaks of crime prevention, and we face this teaching of the Catholic Church that the child must have religious training. Mr. Wickersham states that thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, are growing up in our land with no knowledge of the Ten Commandments, and with little regard for the Golden Rule. He stresses the point of adequate playgrounds, boys' clubs, etc., but to any thinking person the most important factor in the training of the youthful mind is the love and fear of God.

It seems to me the Catholic social workers have a great mission before them. Read what Warden Lewis E. Lawes has to say about the youthful prisoners; and we wait with interest Monsignor Cashin's book. He will no doubt throw light on the subject—twelve years as Catholic chaplain at Sing Sing prison. Oscar Wilde said prison life did not break hearts, it turned them into stone. The wisdom of the late Thomas Mott Osborne is being verified today.

ALICE E. WARREN.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Tom Brown of Culver

IN SPITE of the fact that "Tom Brown of Culver" is very much of a propaganda film, in which the American Legion and Culver Military Academy of Indiana share the glory and honors, it manages to make surprisingly palatable fare, thanks to some superlatively good work by a group of boy actors aided and abetted by H. B. Warner and none other than Slim Summerville.

Once more we come sharply against the fact that the movies are at their best when being exceedingly realistic or else totally fantastic. To put it another way, the movies find their justification in doing that which the stage cannot possibly do. The scenes at Culver have the excellent tang which only reality can bring. This is a real place, the rooms, buildings, athletic grounds and parade grounds carry the weight of a real tradition. No stage canvas could carry the same meaning, nor could the stage carry the spirit of the great outdoor vistas and the mass movement of troops. At the opposite extreme, films which reconstruct ancient history in the atmosphere of realism, or films which, like the well-remembered "Thief of Bagdad," use the genius of trick photography to bring the illusion of reality to sheer magic, will always, by their very nature, merit a place of their own apart from the traditions and limitations of the stage. This fact must serve as my excuse for finding a deal of satisfaction in a picture of such obvious content and purpose as "Tom Brown of Culver."

The propaganda elements of the picture show the American Legion in the light of a great civic institution, looking after the interests of ex-veterans and their families who, one infers, would be languishing under neglect by Uncle Sam were it not for the Legion. When young Tom Brown, trying to earn a living by fighting at Legion boxing exhibitions, shows his dead father's Congressional Medal to some of the Legion authorities, he makes some caustic and bitter remarks to the effect that all the government could do was to send a medal. There is no mention of the $900,000,000 a year spent by American taxpayers for the hospitalization, relief and pensions of veterans, nor of the fact that half of this goes to veterans not injured in war service. The inference is that the Legion is the friend of the veteran and that the government is something of an ingrate.

However, this irritating aspect does not mar seriously the forthright simplicity of the story of Tom Brown. The local Legion post decides to send him to Culver as a sort of memorial to his father's services. At first Tom rebels. Discipline and schooling are not to his liking. He remains in hot water during a good part of his first year, but, as the sagas of boyhood will always have it, the "spirit of Culver" soon gets into his bones, and he becomes in time an honor student and cadet captain. May I add that this moral transition is accomplished without the usual sentimental exaggerations, and that enough humor is injected to remove all suspicion of sugaring. No one actually talks about the "spirit of Culver"—which is a help!

Then a strange thing happens. Tom's father turns up alive. It seems that after actually being a hero, he had lost his nerve and deserted, switching identification tags with a dead soldier. Tom learns of this in time, and prepares to go away with his father without completing his last year. Then, as a good story must have it, the Legion investigates the case and finds that the father was the victim of severe shell shock and not responsible for his deed. An honorable discharge is obtained for him, and Tom is able to graduate.

Once more, I must insist that these details of plot are handled with such full-fledged sincerity and with so little sentimentality that the total effect is far more human than the mere recital of the story would indicate. Young Tom Brown, playing himself, is an excellent young actor, with ample poise and good humor and comedy sense. Richard Cromwell, who plays the part of Tom's roommate, is also exceptionally capable. Unless you object most strenuously to the glorification of military school atmosphere, you cannot help but enjoy this story of young manhood in the making. (At the Mayfair Theatre.)

Congorilla

LAST week, in reviewing "Bring 'Em Back Alive," I lamented the fact that the best features of various nature epics could not be brought together in one film that would, without any attempt at story, give the cumulative feeling of the seething life of the jungle. I must now confess that the latest film by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, covering their months spent in the Congo and particularly their long sojourn with the pigmies, comes very close to filling my imaginary prescription.

It does not, of course, contain anything as thrilling as the fights between wild animals in Mr. Buck's picture, nor, for that matter, in "Trader Horn." It is a calmer and more factual narrative of an actual exploring expedition with the camera and gun. But it does, thanks to the use of the sound camera, catch in unique measure the sound and feeling of the jungle. It emanates that essential realism which, as I have so frequently said, is the true genius of the screen.

The Johnsons set out to achieve two main objectives: first, to catch the intimate and authentic life of the pigmies, and, second, to photograph the gorilla "at home." They succeeded in both attempts, and gathered together, as incidental souvenirs, some excellent sidelights on the family affairs of the rhinoceros, the hippo and the crocodile, not to mention the flamingo, ostrich, zebra, tiger and wild dog.

I imagine that, to most people, the village and community life of the pigmies will rank as the best contribution of this film. Their language, which we now hear at first hand, and the authentic rhythm of their dances and drum beats, add immeasurably to the interest of the mere photographic record. Incidentally, a bit of comedy, equal to the best of Chaplin, is to be found in the effort of two pigmies to light and smoke two long cigars. A pigmy wooing and wedding also contribute lighter aspects!

The gorilla pictures, including the animals' strangely hysterical cry, also bring the reality of inner Africa many degrees closer to us. One regrets, at times, that the Johnsons have not included more details of how they prepared and operated their camera "traps." Even such minor details would add to the feeling of veracity which pervades their work, and distinguishes it so pleasantly from the carefully staged scenes of many nature pictures attempting narrative plot. There is still room, however, for the supreme film of the jungle, combining the animal and human struggle of such pictures as "Chang" and "Trader Horn" with the factual magic of the best in the Buck and Johnson pictures. (At the Winter Garden.)

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BOOKS

Story of a Soul

Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, Duchess of Nassau, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. $3.50.

IN THIS era prolific of biographies of all sorts and conditions, here is a volume that shines forth with the serene and steadfast radiance of a star of the first magnitude. Neither in outward structure, technique or deeper inner purpose has it any of the hall-marks of modernity, the approved twists and methods of the moment. In style and effect it is timeless and undated, a present-day little classic destined to live on through the momentum of its own sterling worth.

Edith O'Shaughnessy is always achieving the unexpected. Her results never bear quite the awaited ratio to her announced theme. In "Viennese Medley" she took the whole brutal aftermath of the Great War and reduced it by sheer magic to the dimensions of a single week out of eternity, a single family astray in a wrecked world. Here in "Marie Adelaide" she takes an adolescent girl seated on the throne of a toy kingdom and weaves an epic drama which in spirit if not in magnitude verges upon the Dantesque—the drama of a soul on its arduous pilgrimage toward saintliness.

Any portrait painter can limn in the material contours of face and figure, the fabric of a garment, the color of eyes and hair. It is the inner spirit, the hidden thought, the ruling passion that prove elusive. The salient, priceless quality of this portrait of Marie Adelaide lies in its luminous aliveness, its self-revelation. The artist has caught not merely the physical charm and beauty of youth, but the far rarer and deeper loveliness of the soul. And she has achieved this by dipping her brushes in the rich colors of love and sympathy and subtle understanding. Hence her canvas glows softly with a spiritual iridescence, an almost tangible halo.

The historic facts of Marie Adelaide's brief reign would hardly run to the dimensions of a thumb-nail sketch. Her span of life was not quite thirty years. She came to the throne in all the immaturity and unpreparedness of eighteen. Endowed by heredity with a high sense of duty and the urge to rule, she had hardly grasped the reins of power when her duchy was overflowed by the mounting tides of the World War; and whichever way she moved, she was predestined to be found blameworthy. So at least the Peace Conference found her, and her abdication was demanded. Having lost her temporal kingdom, she turned for refuge to the inner kingdom of the spirit and sought peace in a Carmelite convent. But here again she was rejected; and after a few scant years of exiled wanderings, she welcomed the release of an early death.

Even in these few facts there is much that seems paradoxical in Marie Adelaide's brief career. Possessed of beauty, rank and power, she none the less refused earthly love and marriage; despite the inborn instinct for ruling, she almost gladly surrendered her scepter to her sister; and while the "quality of sanctity" was admittedly an outstanding attribute, she was found wanting by one religious order after another. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy herself continues: "There is no key to Marie Adelaide's life. Its strange imperfections are only surpassed by its stranger imperfections." And elsewhere she admits still more definitely her sense of bafflement: "She belongs to the little company of chosen souls who take form and place in the world according to what some call the natural working of temperament on environment, others fate, others Divine decree. But from whatever vantage ground she is regarded she is one of those shrouded figures of history, and with the exception of the recorded acts of her accession, reign and abdication, she remains mysterious to the end, passing swiftly, veiled as the nun she was not to be."

"Shrouded figure of history" is a picturesque phrase. Yet as applied to Marie Adelaide it seems somewhat exaggerated. In the light shed by this biography the enigmas of her life tend to solve themselves. She was obviously the product of a mixed heredity: "in her veins ran warmly the beautifying blood of the Braganzas . . . creating strange cross-currents and eddies with that ponderable Nassau strain." And this inner conflict between these same two opposing strains, fiery Braganza and cool, calculating Nassau, crops up repeatedly, from page to page, through the extent of this chronicle. Herein doubtless lies the key to such riddles as those mutinous silences, those gusty fits of temper which characterized the approach of adolescence—perhaps also to that momentous and unheralded decision that she reached when attending the nuptials of Charles, future heir to the Hapsburg throne, and Zita of Bourbon-Parma.

In recording the events of that brilliant function, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy writes, "The path of Marie Adelaide's destiny is revealed only occasionally in lightning flashes, in sinister reverberations." What happened then to this fifteen-year-old girl, what sudden revolt or inhibition, what mystical awakening, can never be known. But that something significant, something that changed her destiny, must have taken place is evidenced by the startling announcement she made to her mother that same night: "There is something I must tell you before I can sleep. I shall never marry. Never ask it of me. And I do not wish to reign." Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, in recording this episode, adds poignantly: "It has been remembered by many who saw her at Schwarzau that she was of such a virginal loveliness that few dared to approach her, to tread upon that dew of innocence that so visibly lay about her feet. . . . She seemed designed for early human love. How could one know that in that hour she had espoused, unwitnessed, chastity?"

There is another crucial hour over which a curtain hangs, never to be drawn aside. It was when Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, who had long loved Marie Adelaide, came almost on the eve of her abdication, having been assured that marriage with him would preserve for her the throne of her fathers. Of her interview with him nothing is known save the bare fact that she refused. But adds her biographer, "There was always to be the shyest expression in her eyes at any mention of the Prince's name."

Regarding the tragedy of Marie Adelaide's novitiate in the "fiery furnace of Carmel," her inability to attain a nervous and physical adjustment and her ultimate rejection, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy says in part: "The conventual unfitness of Marie Adelaide has never been explained. . . . But broken health, disarray of nerves, nostalgia, are not sufficient explanation. . . . The reason lies deeper, hidden in the most secret workings of temperament and destiny. Frustration was signed on Marie Adelaide's forehead, stamped on her heart. Neither crown nor cloister. 'Handful of dust' indeed."

Perhaps it is true that there is no explanation, and that countless other women as frail or frailer have adjusted themselves. Yet elsewhere in this same volume the author has recorded that Marie Adelaide "clearly felt, in some peculiar nervous sense, the limitations of the convent walls, something claustrophobic." And if you get from this searching and sympathetic study any one impression more persistent and enduring than any other, it is that of a spirit of freedom, a creature attuned to the sun-

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shine, the blue sky, the breath of heaven. Even the city pavements were in a sense stifling. Always, even in girlhood, she throve upon nature, the open fields, the birds and flowers and grasses. All her life she loved the minute life all about her, studying and collecting beetles and butterflies, shells and edible fungi. And even in the Roman days of her exile, one of the few stray glimpses we have of her is of a "tall, star-eyed young woman, who always had a few grasses in her hand or was bending to watch an insect cross a sunny path." One cannot read, in the brief annals of her stay at Carmel, without a sudden painful constriction of the throat, the passage describing her love of the spreading branches of a single stone pine just outside the garden confines, and again her discovery one morning of a little green-gold lizard darting through the pink, sun-baked walls. However steadfast her soul, physically at least she was like a sky-lark, shut from its azure vault.

There is more than one heartbreak in this volume. The most poignant is very near the end, when, voicing her increasing desire to be under obedience, she said to the Countess Anna: "Mother, give me now thy permission to die."

It is hard to pass on to others any adequate impression of the delicate and sustained beauty, the contagious charm of this volume, done with such deep understanding and loving service. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy brings to her task a rich storehouse of culture and of research and, what is a rarer and more priceless possession, a delicately wrought and enviable style. She has the magic of the *mot juste,* the impeccable phrase, the cadenced rhythm. These pages are a colorful and jeweled casket in which she has piously enshrined the fragrance and the loveliness of "the brightest jewel in the crown of Luxemburg."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

Two Schools

A History of Sienese Painting, by George Harold Edgell. New York: The Dial Press. $10.00.

Jaume Huguet, by Benjamin Rowland, jr. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. $5.00.

MR. EDGELL writes as attractively as he talked when he delivered these lectures on Sienese painting at Harvard and the Sorbonne. There has been no one-volume history of this subject at once popular and studious. Mr. Edgell's book, with 441 illustrations, fills this gap and shows us what Sienese painting is.

Some critics say that Sienese painting has been too specialized to be popular. One might as well say that the Catholic religion is too specialized to be popular, for Sienese painting deals with that religion and almost nothing else. Like Catholicism, it is adorned with grace and sweetness and light. Never were there more winsome Madonnas. Whenever I think of this painting, I am apt to think of Sassetta, Neroccio, and the bronze angels of Vecchietta in the cathedral of Siena, for works of art by these men are pure rhythm, line and graceful tenderness. Finally, in the late sixteenth century, Sienese painting lost, through Umbrianization, what it had gained in spirituality.

Professor Edgell undertakes to store in our minds the fact that Sienese painting was far from unprogressive, though it had its roots in the art of Byzantium, Sicilian mosaics, and miniatures.

Curiously enough, proof of the far-reaching effects of Sienese painting lies in Mr. Rowland's book. He terms his work "a study of Late Gothic painting in Catalonia." Late Gothic painting in Europe derived from Avignon, father of the so-called International style. Of several ingredients that went into the making of this style the Sienese spirit was the greatest. Mr. Rowland explains the phenomenon by saying that Siena was

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closer to the spirit of Northern Gothic. Its mystical qualities antedated and were similar to those of the Rhenish and Franco-Flemish schools. Thus Schongauer is calligraphically Sienese in his line and to his spirituality he added genre—the only quality Siena could not yield to the formation of the new style. Also we know that the important Sienese painter, Simone Martini, worked in Avignon.

Down in Catalonia this "Franco-Gothic manner," as Mr. Rowland calls it, had three phases. The first is the school of the brothers Serra with their followers Borrassá and Cabrera. Their cachet is the Sienese forms. The second is the "manner of Guimerá"; and the third is the Franco-Flemish style of the Master of St. George, which Huguet developed. Huguet's work, in its delicacy, splendor and suggested realism, is symptomatic of late fifteenth-century painting. There is not much of it, but Mr. Rowland, through some very good research, has gathered together quite a corpus of material by Huguet, his followers and his predecessors. From the illustrations and the text it is easy to gain an insight into the charm of this school, which has the everlasting delight and strangeness of real beauty.

JAMES W. LANE.

Political Sources

The Development of American Political Thought, by J. Mark Jacobson. New York: The Century Co. $5.00.

THE AUTHOR of this study of American political thought emphasizes the importance of the geographic, economic, social and cultural forces in the formation of American political theories. The political theories of Puritanism, of the American Revolution, of federalism, of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy, of nationalism, of individualism and of the present day are not only described and analyzed but are carefully related to the social and economic conditions in vogue at these various periods. Especially commendable is the author's attaching to each chapter selections from the writings of outstanding political thinkers; these writings form abundant and well-selected source material. While the author is not the first writer to give proper emphasis to the social and economic background of political theory, he is the first author in the field to incorporate excellent source material in his study in a readily usable form.

Considerable attention is given to that forgotten author of the phrase, "the forgotten man," William Graham Sumner. When Sumner used the phrase back in the eighties he was strangely enough defending a social order of strict individualism. The phrase upholds a different theory in our day.

Certain statements once universally accepted but now from time to time seriously questioned make their appearance. Among them appears the statement that the frontier was a great influence in the spread of democratic ideas and institutions. A study of the early constitutions of the frontier states does not reveal a widespread acceptance of democracy. Trends toward democracy are noticeable in the tidewater states before the frontier exercised any great influence. The results of the presidential election of 1928 are too readily set down by the author as due to the religious and ethnic differences among Americans. Recent studies of the vote of the Southern states in 1928 indicate the preponderance of the economic issue. Bold statements of the determining cause for the defeat of Alfred E. Smith should wait upon a more thorough analysis of the vote in the 1928 election.

This book is good, but when the author says that Mr. Hoover comes of "the old, Nordic . . . stock" we wonder where he has been all these years.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

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Honoring a Philosopher

Aspects of the New Scholastic Philosophy, by the Associates and Pupils of Dr. Edward A. Pace; edited by the Reverend Charles A. Hart. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.75.

TO THE philosophically minded layman, whether Catholic, Protestant or agnostic, the words Thomism, Neo-Scholasticism and Catholic philosophy have become increasingly familiar in recent years, due largely to the concerted effort of the Church since 1879 in carrying out the recommendations of Pope Leo XIII's famous encyclical, "Aeterni Patris." The philosophical layman knows that the New Scholasticism has the highest ecclesiastical credentials—he is not certain that it has justified its existence, up to the present time, by positive contributions to the problems which immediately concern contemporary philosophers and scientists outside of the Catholic fold.

This collection of essays, published as a tribute to Dr. Edward A. Pace, vice-rector of the Catholic University of America and first president of the recently organized American Catholic Philosophical Association, is something of an attempt to justify the New Scholasticism on this basis. The latest hypotheses of physics, modern concepts of God and of the nature of beauty, and the movement known as humanism, are dealt with by the contributors in their relation to the principles of Scholasticism. Apart from two papers of a rather technical nature, dealing with applied psychology, these essays are for the most part of the nature of prolegomena, or prefaces, to the task of correlating contemporary scientific and philosophical theories with Scholasticism. They survey the field, discuss the problems to be dealt with, and give some indication as to where Scholasticism stands in relation to what is going on outside of the Scholastic circle.

In reviewing the achievements of Dr. Pace during his long and fruitful career, Monsignor Ryan, in the first of these essays, brings out the fact that Dr. Pace has always impressed on his pupils and associates the conviction that Scholasticism belongs to the present age, and can only survive if it stands on its own feet and provides adequate answers to the problems of modern secular philosophy. This same viewpoint is upheld by Dr. Hart in an essay on "Neo-Scholastic Philosophy in American Catholic Culture." After pointing out the fact that much has been accomplished in the revival of the study of Thomism as an historical system, and by way of training teachers and Catholic students in Thomist principles, he says: "To me it seems that our next step should be toward more of a rapprochement with non-Scholastic philosophers in this country. . . . There should be an understanding between Scholastic exponents and those of other systems. 'We get the feeling that Scholastic thinkers are living and want to live in a little sacred world of their own,' writes one American non-Scholastic." Such criticisms, heard frequently outside of Catholic circles, might have been premature during the formative years of the Scholastic revival, but the time must come sooner or later, and has perhaps already arrived, when this criticism is very much to the point.

These essays bear ample testimony to the widespread and constructive influence of Dr. Pace in the development of Neo-Scholastic thought in this country, whose further progress will largely depend on the continued recognition of the fact, so well brought out in this volume, that the task of the Scholastic philosophers in America has only just begun. All who feel that the Church, and Saint Thomas himself, are best served by following his example through invading new territories and building the *philosophia perennis* out of contemporary as well as inherited materials, will read this book with interest.

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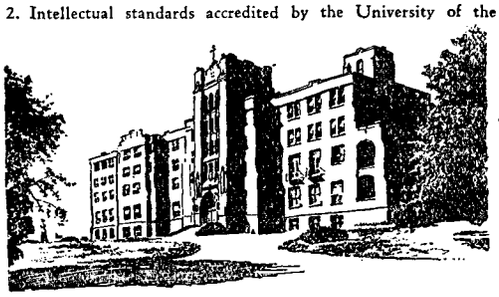

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Briefer Mention

Prayer, by Friedrich Heiler; translated and edited by Samuel McComb, with the assistance of J. Edgar Park. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

AN ENGLISH version of "Das Gebet" should arouse a great deal of interest among those for whom religion is the most vital of human concerns. Doctor McComb and his assistant have somewhat abridged the original, but have (so far as the present reviewer is able to determine) left out nothing of real moment. Their English is only very seldom tortuous and seems above all accurate and suitable. The book is, as many know, a searching historical study of prayer, which is considered the element common to all religions, though of course it is relatively much deeper and purer in Christian theism than elsewhere. Notable above all is the breadth of the author's knowledge of the literature; but few will fail to profit by the lucid and often original analyses offered. Heiler establishes a number of distinctions: between prayer and ritual, between prayer with a religious significance and that based on philosophic thought, between prophetic and mystical prayer. Nine-tenths of the volume breathes the spirit of the Catholic faith. The other tenth—that which led the author to an "oecumenical" rather than an ecclesiastical conception of Christianity—is that which distinguishes him from the Catholic teacher. It is an unusually interesting and impressive book.

The Crisis of Capitalism in America, by M. J. Bonn. New York: John Day Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR BONN'S volume, which deals primarily with the recent "boom" period and its collapse, was not written for American readers. It is merely one of several treatises which this distinguished Berlin professor has devoted to a critique of the recently deceased super-capitalistic expansion program. Accordingly one can hardly approach the book as if it were an objective and impartial evaluation of American economic experience. Several sections are one-sided, as a result of a latent thesis. Thus, for example, Dr. Bonn in our opinion gravely overestimates the effect of speculation on the average citizen. Despite the sums thrown into the stock market boom, it is probable that the majority were seeking to invest moneys saved in relatively secure and profitable stocks and bonds. Some passages are likewise already out of date, so swiftly have things moved in agriculture particularly. Yet much of the argument is shrewd and sound. The pages which deal with foreign relations are especially moderate and effective. Professor Bonn is also always well worth reading for his own sake. Accordingly one does not hesitate to commend the book.

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